

For the Children

WHO, WHO?

(Reply to "Why Is It?" Children's Column.)

The reason, you see,
The owl in the tree

Is thought to be wondrous wise,
As he mopes all day
With nothing to say,
Is not all from the look in his eyes.

For, when you're asleep
Keenest watch he'll keep
On the chickens all housed and fed;
Next day, think of that,
He's grown very fat
On your breakfast while you were in bed.

You may how and why
As you whimper and cry,
While the owl says nothing but Who,
With him it's not how
Nor why, just now,
But Who will this tiresome task do?

You'll learn, take my word,
From this wise old bird
Much of wisdom as years go by;
Like him, so will you
Learn to say Who, Who?
And stop saying how, when and why.
—G. M. M., Reanoke, Va.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

By Mildred Welch.

Do you remember the story of Arnold Welkerad, the Swiss hero?

The Swiss army was making a last stand in the battle which would decide whether Switzerland should be free or not. The Austrians had formed a phalanx in the shape of a V, and that line of bristling spears must be broken or the cause of liberty was lost. It meant a life, and the Swiss forces stood motionless for a moment. Then, suddenly, a young soldier with brave, uplifted face, stepped out from the lines.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried.
Their keen points met some side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scattered all.
Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus death made way for liberty.

It was a brave deed, was it not? And yet I wonder sometimes if we ever think of the men who, day by day, are patiently and heroically "making way for liberty" among us—those old ministers who, if they

have not felt spears of steel pass through from side to side, have yet felt "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

What does it mean that they turned their backs on ease, wealth and comfort and chose instead to live in quiet country places among the lonely mountains in the destitute home-mission fields? What do the long rides in the hot sun or the driving rain or sleet and snow all mean? What do the small salaries, the coats worn threadbare, the coveted new books given up, all mean? "Making way for liberty"—that is what it means. That some wanderer may not miss his way back to the Father's house for want of a light in the darkness, that men and women may not shrink as they draw near the Valley of the Shadow, that the path to the Saviour may be smooth before the children's feet; that the blind may find the light; that the weary may find rest,—our old ministers, worn out, now blind, infirm, dependent, have given youth, strength, hope and life itself and thus through "death made way for liberty."

To most of us in the common round of daily life, comes no chance for the hero's deed, but we may at least show some kinship to the hero's spirit by sending a contribution for our old ministers to our Executive Committee of Ministerial Relief, Mr. John Stites, Treasurer, 110 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.

DELLA'S LONG, DREARY DAY.

"Such a long, dreary day!" said Della, putting away her book in despair. "It's too dark to read even close to the windows, and I'm tired of everything else. What can I do, mamma?" And the little girl looked very doleful indeed.

"I should think Dolly would like to get up," said Mrs. Doan, pleasantly. "I think this is the third day since she was dressed and played with."

"I want something new," pouted Della. "Isn't no fun playing with dolls alone, anyway. I wish Helen would come over."

"In this rain? Where is the picture-book you were making for auntie to take to the hospital when she goes home? You might finish that to-day."

"It's too dark to cut out pictures," said Della. "I think it is a mean shame it had to rain to-day and spoil everything."

The baby cried just then, so mamma had to leave the room, and after a few minutes Della went out to the kitchen to watch Nora as she bustled about the big range.

"Don't you hate rainy days, Nora?" she asked.

"No, indeed," said the girl promptly. "On rainy days your papa never comes home to dinner and I have the whole long afternoon to sew for Maggie. I don't mean I'm glad your papa can't come home, but when he doesn't, we have a lunch at noon, you know, and your mamma always tells me to do as I please after that."

"Who is Maggie?" inquired Della.

"My little sister. She's the nicest little girl you ever saw, and she hasn't got any mamma like you have. Aunt Mary keeps her, but I make all her clothes, and it's coming time now for her to go to Sabbath-school, so we'll have to have more things. I love rainy days, for they give me time for Maggie."